



The TRAGICAL
HISTORY
OF
King RICHARD III.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
in *Drury-Lane*.

ALTER'D FROM
SHAKESPEAR by C. CIBBER.

— *Domestica Faeta*.

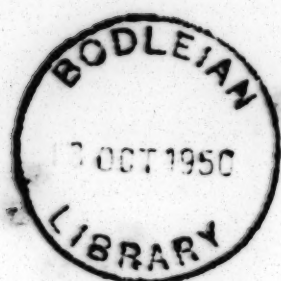
L O N D O N.

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

KING *Henry the Sixth,*
Edward Prince of Wales,
Richard Duke of York,
Richard Duke of Gloucester,
Duke of Buckingham,
Henry Earl of Richmond,
Duke of Norfolk,
Ratcliff,
Catesby,
Tressel,
Oxford,
Lieutenant of the Tower,
Blunt,
Lord Mayor,
Tirrel,
Forrest,
Dighton,

Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Norris, Jun.
Miss Lindar.
Mr. Cibber.
Mr. Mills.
Mr. Ryan.
Mr. Boman, Sen.
Mr. Oates.
Mr. Diggs.
Mr. Will. Wilks.
Mr. Boman, Jun.
Mr. Quin.
Mr. Wright.
Mr. Miller.
Mr. Weller.
Mr. Wilson.
Mr. Higginson.

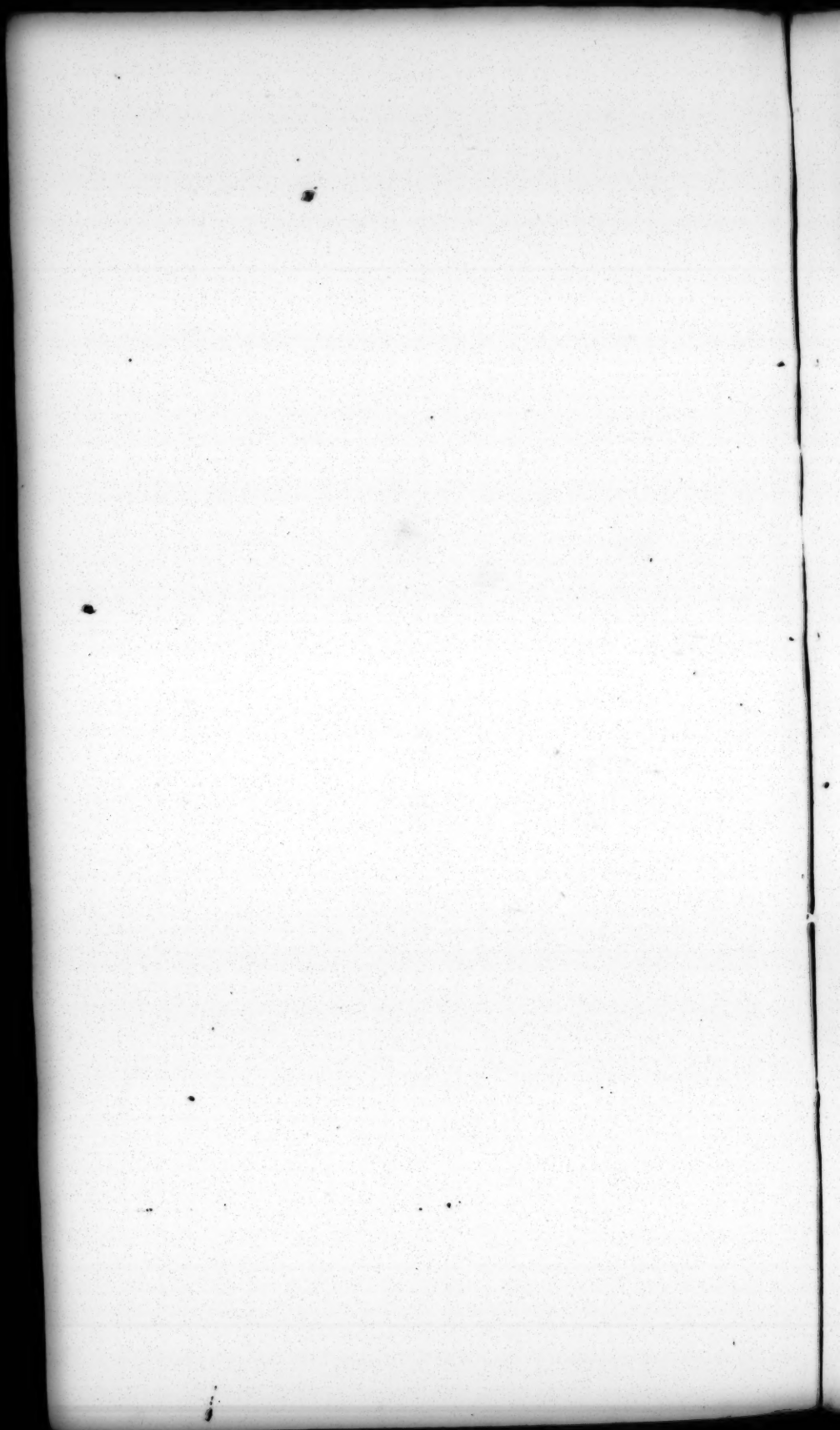
W O M E N.

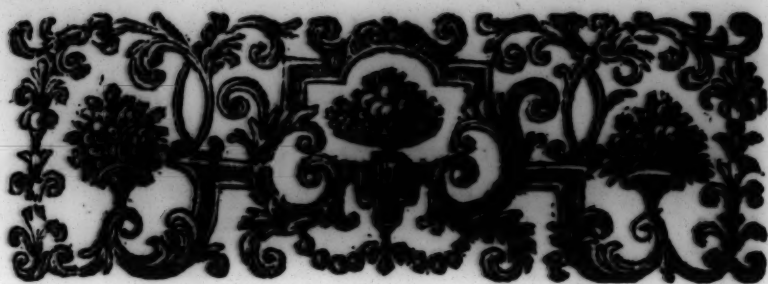
| | | |
|---|---|---------------------|
| <i>Elizabeth, Relict of Edward the</i> | } | <i>Mrs. Porter.</i> |
| <i>Fourth,</i> | | |
| <i>Lady Anne, Relict of Edward Prince</i> | } | <i>Mrs. Horton.</i> |
| <i>of Wales,</i> | | |
| <i>Duchess of York,</i> | | <i>Mrs. Baker.</i> |

Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants.

A 3

T H E



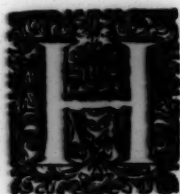


THE
TRAGICAL HISTORY
OF
King RICHARD III.

ACT I.
SCENE a Garden in the Tower.

Enter Lieutenant, and Servant.

LIEUTENANT.



AS King Henry walk'd forth this Morning?

Serv. No, Sir, but 'tis near his Hour.

Lieu. At any Time when you see him here,

Let no Stranger into the Garden;
I would not have him star'd at—See, who's that
Now entering at the Gate? *[Knocking without.]*

Serv. Sir, the Lord Stanley.

Lieu. Leave me——

*[Exit Serv.
Enter*

*The Tragical History of**Enter Lord Stanley.*

My noble Lord, you're welcome to the *Tower* ;
 I heard last Night you late arriv'd with News
 Of *Edward's* Victory to his joyful Queen.

Stan. Yes, Sir, and I am proud to be the Man
 That first brought home the Last of Civil Broils ;
 The Houses now of *York* and *Lancaster*,
 Like bloody Brothers fighting for Birthright,
 No more shall wound the Parent, that wou'd part 'em :
Edward now sits secure on *England's* Throne.

Lieu. Near *Tewksbury*, my Lord, I think they fought,
 Has the Enemy lost any Men of Note ?

Stan. Sir, I was posted Home
 Ere an Account was taken of the Slain ;
 But as I left the Field, a Proclamation
 From the King was made in Search of *Edward*,
 Son to your Prisoner, King *Henry* the Sixth,
 Which gave Reward to those discover'd him,
 And him his Life, if he'd surrender. [Father,

Lieu. That brave young Prince, I fear's unlike his
 Too high of Heart to brook submissive Life :
 This will be heavy News to *Henry's* Ear,
 For on this Battle's Cast his All was set.

Stan. King *Henry* and ill Fortune are familiar ;
 He ever threw with an indifferent Hand,
 But never yet was known to lose his Patience :
 How does he pass the Time in his Confinement ?

Lieu. As one whose Wishes never reach'd a Crown ;
 The King seems dead in him—but as a Man
 He sighs sometimes in want of Liberty.
 Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes
 That Fate had blest'd him with an humbler Birth,
 Not to have felt the falling from a Throne.

Stan. Were it not possible to see this King ?
 They say he'll freely talk with *Edward's* Friends,
 And ever treats them with Respect and Honour.

Lieu. This is his usual Time of walking forth
 (For he's allow'd the Freedom of the Garden)
 After his Morning Prayer ; he seldom fails ;

Behind

Behind this Arbour we unseen may stand
A while to observe him.

[*They retire.*]

Enter King Henry in Mourning.

Hen. By this Time the decisive Blow is struck,
Either my Queen and Son are bless'd with Victory,
Or I'm the Cause no more of civil Broils.
Wou'd I were dead, if Heav'n's Good-will were so,
For what is in this World but Grief and Care?
What Noise and Bustle do Kings make to find it?
When Life's but a short Chase, our Game Content,
Which most pursu'd, is most compell'd to fly;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest Hope,
Shall often run his Courser to a Stand;
While the poor Peasant from some distant Hill,
Undanger'd and at Ease, views all the Sport,
And sees Content take shelter in his Cottage.

Stan. He seems extremely mov'd.

Lieu. Does he know you?

Stan. No, nor wou'd I have him.

Lieu. We'll shew ourselves. [*They come forward.*]

Hen. Why, there's another Check to proud Ambition;
That Man receiv'd his Charge from me, and now
I'm his Prisoner—he locks me to my Rest.
Such an unlook'd for Change who cou'd suppose,
That saw him kneel to kiss the Hand that rais'd him:
But that I shou'd not now complain of,
Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe
His civil Treatment of me—Morrow *Lieutenant*,
Is any News arriv'd—Who's that with you?

Lieu. A Gentleman that came last Night Express
From *Tewksbury*—We've had a Battle.

Hen. Comes he to me with Letters, or Advice?

Lieu. Sir, he's King *Edward's* Officer, your Foe.

Hen. Then he won't flatter me—You're welcome, Sir;
Not less because you are King *Edward's* Friend,
For I have almost learn'd my self to be so;
Cou'd I but once forget I was a King,
I might be truly happy, and his Subject.

The Tragical History of

You've gain'd a Battle; is't not so? [soon.

Stan. We have, Sir,—how, will reach your Ear too

Hen. If to my Loss, it can't too soon—pray speak,
For Fear makes Mischief greater than it is.

My Queen! my Son! Say, Sir, are they living?

Stan. Since my Arrival, Sir, another Post
Came in, which brought us Word your Queen and Son
Were Prisoners now at *Tewksbury*. [now,

Hen. Heav'n's Will be done! the Hunters have 'em
And I have only Sighs and Prayers to help 'em.

Stan. King *Edward*, Sir, depends upon his Sword,
Yet prays heartily, when the Battle's won;
And Soldiers love a bold and active Leader.
Fortune, like Women, will be close pursu'd:
The *English* are high-mettl'd, Sir, and 'tis
No easy part to fit 'em well—King *Edward*
Feels their Temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

Hen. Alas! I thought 'em Men, and rather hop'd
To win their Hearts by Mildness than Severity.

My Soul was never form'd for Cruelty:
In my Eyes Justice has seem'd bloody,
When on the City Gates I have beheld
A Traytor's Quarters parching in the Sun,
My Blood has turn'd with Horror at the Sight;
I took 'em down, and bury'd with his Limbs
The Memory of the dead Man's Deeds—perhaps
That Pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the Mind of weak Rebellion Spirit;
For Kings are put in Trust for all Mankind,
And when themselves take Injuries, who is safe?
If so, I have deserv'd these Frowns of Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman brings a Warrant
For his Access to King *Henry's* Presence.

Lieu. I come to him.

Stan. His Business may require your Privacy;
I'll leave you, Sir, wishing you all the Good
That can be wish'd—not wronging him I serve.

Hen.

King RICHARD the Third. 12

Hen. Farewel! [*Exeunt.*] Who can this be! A sudden Coldness,
Like the damp Hand of Death, has seiz'd my Limbs;
I fear some heavy News!

Enter Lieutenant.

Who is it, Good Lieutenant?

Lieu. A Gentleman, Sir, from *Tewksbury*—he seems
A melancholy Messenger—for when I ask'd
What News, his Answer was a deep-fetch'd Sigh;
I would not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit.*]

Enter Tressel in Mourning.

Hen. Fatal indeed! his Brow's the Title-Page,
That speaks the Nature of a tragick Volume.
Say Friend, how does my Queen! my Son!
Thou tremblest, and the Whiteness of thy Cheek
Is apter than thy Tongue to tell the Errand.
Ev'n such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in Look, so Woe be gone,
Drew *Priam's* Curtain in the dead of Night;
And would have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd,
But *Priam* found the Fire ere he his Tongue,
And I my poor Son's Death ere thou relat'st it.
Now would'st thou say—your Son did thus and thus,
And thus your Queen—so fought the valiant *Oxford*;
Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds;
But in the End, (to stop my Ear indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Queen and Son, and all are dead.

Tress. Your Queen yet lives, and many of your Friends,
But for my Lord your Son —

Hen. Why, he is dead!—yet speak, I charge thee!
Tell thou thy Master his Suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind Disgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me such Wrong.

Tress. Would it were wrong to say; but, Sir, your
Fears are true.

Hen. Yet for all this, say not, my Son is dead.

Tress. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to

Believe,

The Tragical History of

Believe, what wou'd to Heav'n I had not seen :
 But in this last Battle near *Tewksbury*,
 Your Son, whose active Spirit lent a Fire,
 Ev'n to the dullest Peasant in our Camp ;
 Still made his Way where Danger stood to oppose him.
 A braver Youth of more courageous Heat,
 Ne'er spurr'd his Courser at the Trumpet's sound.
 But who can rule the uncertain Chance of War ?
 In fine, King *Edward* won the bloody Field,
 Where both your Queen, and Son, were made his Prisoners:

Hen. Yet hold ! for oh, this Prologue lets me in
 To a most fatal Tragedy to come.

Dy'd he Prisoner, say'st thou ? how ? by Grief,
 Or by the bloody Hands of those that caught him ?

Tress. After the Fight, *Edward* in Triumph ask'd
 To see the Captive Prince—the Prince was brought,
 Whom *Edward* roughly chid for bearing Arms ;
 Asking what Reparation he cou'd make
 For having stirr'd his Subjects to Rebellion ?
 Your Son impatient of such Taunts, reply'd,
 Bow like a Subject, proud, ambitious *York*,
 While I now speaking with my Father's Mouth,
 Propose the self-same Rebel Words to thee,
 Which, Traytor, thou would'st have me answer to :
 From these, more Words arose ; till in the End
 King *Edward* swell'd with what th' unhappy Prince
 At such a time too freely spoke, his Gauntlet
 In his young Face with Indignation struck.
 At which, crook'd *Richard*, *Clarence*, and the rest,
 Bury'd their fatal Daggers in his Heart.
 In bloody State I saw him on the Earth,
 From whence with Life he never more sprung up.

Hen. Oh ! had'st thou stabb'd at every Word's Deli-
 verance,

Sharp Poniards in my Flesh while this was told,
 Thy Wounds had giv'n less Anguish than thy Words.
 Oh ! Heav'ns, methinks I see my tender Lamb
 Gasping beneath the ravenous Wolves fell Gripe !
 But say, did all—did they all strike him, say'st thou ?

Tress.

Tress. All, Sir; but the first Wound Duke Richard
[gave.

Hen. There let him stop! be that his last of Ills!
O barbarous Act! unhospitable Men!
Against the rigid Laws of Arms to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of Birth-right gone,
But must your Hate be levell'd at his Life?
Nor cou'd his Father's Wrongs content you?
Not cou'd a Father's Grief dissuade the Deed?
You have no Children — (Butchers if you had)
The Thought of them wou'd sure have stirr'd Remorse.

Tress. Take Comfort, Sir, and hope a better Day.

Hen. Oh! who can hold a Fire in his Hand,
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?
Or wallow naked in *December's* Snow,
By bare remembrance of the Summer's Heat?
Away — by Heaven I shall abhor his Sight,
Whoever bids me be of Comfort more!
If thou wilt sooth my Sorrows, then I'll thank thee;
Ay! thou'rt kind indeed! these Tears oblige me.

Tress. Alas! my Lord, I fear more Evils to'ards
[you.

Hen. Why, let it come, I scarce shall feel it now,
My present Woes have beat me to the Ground;
And my hard Fate can make me fall no lower.
What can it be — give it its ugliest Shape — Oh my poor

[Boy!
Tress. A Word does that; it comes in *Gloster's* Form.

Hen. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that
[threatens.

Tress. After the Murther of your Son, stern *Richard*,
As if unfated with the Wounds he had given,
With unwash'd Hands went from his Friends in haste;
And being ask'd by *Clarence* of the Cause,
He, lowring, cry'd. Brother, I must to the *Tower*;
I've Business there; excuse me to the King;
Before you reach'd the Town, expect some News;
This said, he vanish'd — and I hear's arriv'd.

Hen.

Hen. Why then the Period of my Vows is set ;
For Ills but thought by him, are half perform'd.

Enter Lieutenant with an Order.

Lieu. Forgive me, Sir, what I'm compell'd t'obey,
An Order for your close Confinement.

Hen. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant ?

Lieu. Sir, from the Duke of Glo'ster.

Hen. Good Night to all then ; I obey it ;
And now, good Friend, suppose me on my Death-bed,
And take of me thy last, short, living Leave.
Nay, keep thy Tears till thou hast seen me dead :
And when in tedious Winter Nights, with good
Old Folks, thou sitt'st up late
To hear 'em tell the dismal Tales,
Of Times long past, ev'n now with Woe remember'd,
Before thou bidd'st Good-night, to quit their Grief,
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And send thy Hearers weeping to their Beds. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richard.

Rich. Now are our Brows bound with victorious
Wreaths ;
Our stern Alarms are chang'd to merry Meetings ;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Measures :
Grim-visag'd War has smooth'd his wrinkl'd Front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,
To the lascivious Pleasing of a Lute :
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive Tricks,
I, that am curtail'd of Man's fair Proportion,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my Time
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That Dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em.
Why I, in this weak, this piping Time of Peace,
Have no Delight to pass away my Hours,
Unless, to see my Shadow in the Sun,
And descant on my own Deformity :

Then

Then since this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, and to o'erbear such
As are of happier Person than my self:
Why then to me this restless World's but Hell.
'Till this mishapen Trunk's aspiring Head
Be circl'd in a glorious Diadem ———
But then 'tis fix'd on such a Height; oh! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my Soul.

*I'll climb betimes, without Remorse or Dread,
And my first Step shall be on Henry's Head.* [Exit.

S C E N E, a Chamber in the Tower.
King Henry sleeping.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Asleep so soon! but Sorrow minds no Seasons,
The Morning, Noon, and Night with her's the same;
She's fond of any Hour that yields Repose. [hither!

Hen. Who's there! *Lieutenant!* Is it you! Come

Lieu. You shake, my Lord, and look affrighted.

Hen. Oh! I have had the fearfull'st Dream! such Sights,
That, as I live,
I wou'd not pass another Hour so dreadful,
Tho' 'twere to buy a World of happy Days.
Reach me a Book — I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy Thoughts.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Good Day, my Lord; what, at your Book so hard?
I disturb you.

Hen. You do indeed.

Rich. Go, Friend, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

Hen. What bloody Scene has *Roscious* now to act?

[Exit *Lieu.*

Rich. Suspicion always haunts the guilty Mind:
The Thief does fear each Bush and Officer.

Hen. Where Thieves without Controlment rob and kill,
The Traveller does fear each Bush a Thief:

The

The poor Bird that has been already lim'd,
 With trembling Wings misdoubts of every Bush ;
 And I, the hapless Male to one sweet Bird,
 Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
 By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.

Rich. Why, what a peevish Fool was that of *Crete*,
 That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl,
 And yet for all his Wings the Fool was drown'd :
 Thou shou'dst have taught thy Boy his Prayers alone,
 And then he had not broke his Neck with climbing.

Hen. Ah ! kill me with thy Weapon, not with Words !
 My Breast can better brook thy Dagger's Point,
 Than can my Ears that piercing Story ;
 But wherefore do'st thou come, is't for my Life ?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner ?

Hen. If murdering Innocents be executing,
 Then thou'rt the worst of Executioners.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his Presumption. [*same,*

Hen. Had'st thou been kill'd when first thou didst pre-
 Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a Son of mine :
 But thou wer't born to massacre Mankind.
 How many old Mens Sighs, and Widows Moans ?
 How many Orphans water-standing Eyes,
 Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands Fate,
 And Children for their Parents timeless Death,
 Will rue the Hour that ever thou wert born ?
 The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth, an evil Sign ;
 The Night-Crow cry'd, foreboding luckless Time ;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees ;
 The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's Top,
 And chattering Pies in dismal Discords sung ;
 Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a Mother's Hope.
 Teeth had'st thou in thy Head, when thou wer't born,
 Which plainly said, Thou cam'st to bite Mankind,
 And if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st——

Rich. I'll hear no more—die Prophet in thy Speech,
 For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd : [*Stabs him.*

Hen.

Hen. Oh ! and for much more Slaughter after this ;
Just Heav'n forgive my Sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*]

Rich. What ! will the aspiring Blood of *Lancaster*
Sink in the Ground ? — I thought it wou'd have mounted.
See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's Death.
O, may such Purple Tears be always shed
From those that wish the Downfal of our House.
If any Spark of Life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell, and say, I sent thee thither.
I that have neither Pity, Love, nor Fear ;
Indeed, 'tis true, what *Henry* told me of ;
For I have often heard my Mother say,
I came into the World with my Legs forward ;
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
Good Heav'n bless us he is born with Teeth !
And so I was, which plainly signify'd
That I shou'd snarl and bite, and play the Dog.
Then since the Heav'ns have shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it ;
I have no Brother, and like no Brother,
And this Word *Love*, which Grey-beards call Divine,
Be resident in Men, like one another ;
And not in me — I am — my self alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the Light ;
But if I fail not in my deep Intent,
Thou'st not another Day to live ; which done,
Heav'n take the weak King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to baffle in.
But soft — I'm sharing Spoil before the Field is won.

*Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then I must count my Gains.* [*Exit.*]





A C T II.

S C E N E, St. Paul's.

Enter Tressel, meeting Lord Stanley.

Tress. **M**Y Lord, your Servant, pray what brought you to *Paul's*?

Stan. I came amongst the Crowd to see the Corps of Poor King *Henry*; 'tis a dismal Sight:
But Yesterday I saw him in the *Tower*;
His Talk is still so fresh within my Memory,
That I could weep to think how Fate has us'd him.
I wonder where's Duke *Richard's* Policy
In suffering him to lie expos'd to view;
Can he believe that Men will love him for't?

Tress. O Yes, Sir, love him, as he loves his Brethren.
When was you with King *Edward*, pray my Lord?
I hear he leaves his Food, is melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Stan. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to Court, and hear more News of him?

Tress. I am oblig'd to pay Attendance here:
The Lady *Anne* has Licence to remove
King *Henry's* Corps to be interr'd at *Chertsey*;
And I am engag'd to follow her.

Stan. Mean you King *Henry's* Daughter-in-Law?

Tress. The same, Sir, Widow to the late Prince *Edward*:
Whom *Gloster* kill'd at *Tewksbury*.

Stan. Alas! poor Lady, she's severely us'd;
And yet I hear *Richard* attempts her Love: [him.
Methinks the Wrongs h'as done her shou'd discourage

Tress. Neither those Wrongs, nor his own Shape can
fright him:

He sent for Leave to visit her this Morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her Bed to avoid him:
But see, she is arriv'd — Will you along

To

To see this doleful Ceremony ?

Stan. I'll wait on you.

[Exit.]

Enter Richard.

Rich. 'Twas her Excuse to avoid me. — Alas!
She keeps no Bed —
She has Health enough to progress far as *Chertsey*,
Tho' not to bear the Sight of me.
I cannot blame her —

Why, Love forswore me in my Mother's Womb,
And for I shou'd not deal in his soft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink my Arm up like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my Body ;
To shape my Legs of an unequal Size,
To disproportion me in ev'ry Part.
And am I then a Man to be belov'd ?
O monstrous Thought ! more vain my Ambition.

Enter Lieutenant hastily.

Lieu. My Lord, I beg your Grace —

Rich. Be gone, Fellow ! I'm not at Leisure.

Lieu. My Lord, the King your Brother's taken ill.

Rich. I'll wait on him, leave me, Friend.

Ha ! *Edward* ta'n ill !

Wou'd he were waisted, Marrow, Bones and all,
That from his Loins no more young Brats may rise
To cross me in the Golden Time I look for.

SCENE draws, and discovers Lady Anne in Mourning,
Lord Stanley, Tressel, Guards and Bearers,
with King Henry's Body.

But see ! my Love appears — Look where she shines,
Darting pale Lustre, like the Silver Moon !
Thro' her dark Veil of rainy Sorrow !
So mourn'd the Dame of *Ephesus* her Love ;
And thus the Soldier, arm'd with Resolution,
Told his soft Tale, and was a thriving Woer.
'Tis true, my Form perhaps will little move her,
But I've a Tongue shall wheedle with the Devil :

Yet

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Yet hold, she mourns the Man whom I have kill'd.
 First let her Sorrows take some vent——stand here,
 I'll take her Passion in its Wain, and turn
 This Storm of Grief to gentle Drops of Pity
 For his Repentant Murderer.

[*He retires.*]

Lady Anne. Hung be the Heav'ns with black, yield
 Day to Night,

Comets importing Change of Times and States,
 Brandish your fiery Tresses in the Sky,
 And with 'em scourge the bad revolting Stars
 That have consented to King *Henry's* Death.
 O be accurst the Hand that shed this B'ood,
 Accurst the Head that had the Heart to do it;
 More direful Hap betide that hated Wretch,
 Than I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives:
 If ever he have Wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the Life of him,
 Than I am now by *Edward's* Death and thine.

Rich. Poor Girl; what Pains she takes to curse her
 self.

[*Aside.*]

L. Anne. If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious and untimely brought to Light,
 Whose hideous Form, whose most unnatural Aspect
 May fright the hopeful Mother at her view,
 And that be Heir to his Unhappiness.
 Now on to *Chertsey* with your Sacred Load.

Rich. Stay, you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

L. Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable Deeds?

Rich. Villains, set down the Coarse, or, by *St. Paul*,
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Guard. My Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

Rich. Unmanner'd Slave!

Stand thou when I command.

Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast,
 Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my Foot,
 And spurn thee, Beggar, for this Boldness.

[*Fiend?*]

L. Anne. Why dost thou haunt him thus unfated
 Thou had'st but Power over his mortal Body,

His

His Soul thou can'st not reach, therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, be not so hard for Charity.

L. Anne. If thou delight to view thy heinous Deeds,
Behold this Pattern of thy Butcheries.

Why didst thou do this Deed? Cou'd not the Laws
Of Man, of Nature, nor of Heav'n dissuade thee?
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of Pity.

Rich. If want of Pity be a Crime so hateful,
Whence is it thou, fair Excellence, art guilty?

L. Anne. What means the Slanderer?

Rich. Vouchsafe, Divine Perfection of a Woman,
Of these my Crimes suppos'd, to give me leave
By Circumstance, but to acquit my self.

L. Anne. Then take that Sword, whose bloody Point
still reeks.

With *Henry's* Life, with my lov'd Lord's young *Edward's*,
And here let out thy own, to appease their Ghosts.

Rich. By such Despair, I shou'd accuse my self.

L. Anne. Why by despairing only can'st thou stand
Did'st thou not kill this King? [excus'd?

Rich. I grant ye.

L. Anne. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and vertuous:
But he's in Heav'n where thou can'st never come.

Rich. Was I not kind to send him thither then?
He was much fitter for that Place than Earth.

L. Anne. And thou unfit for any Place but Hell.

Rich. Yes, one Place else—if you will hear me name it.

L. Anne. Some Dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-Chamber.

L. Anne. Ill Rest betide the Chamber where thou ly'st.

Rich. So it will, Madam, till I lie in yours.

L. Anne. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen Encounter of our Tongues,
And fall to something a more serious Method;
Is not the Causer of the untimely Deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?

L. Anne. Thou wert the Cause, and most accus'd Effect.

Rich.

Rich. Your Beauty was the Cause of that Effect;
Your Beauty! that did haunt me in my Sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one Hour in that soft Bosom!

L. Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide,
These Hands shou'd rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.

Rich. These Eyes cou'd not endure that Beauty's Rack,
You shou'd not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the World is nourish'd by the Sun,
So I by that — It is my Day! my Life!

L. Anne. I wou'd it were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a Quarrel most unnatural,
To wish Revenge on him that loves thee.

L. Anne. Say rather 'tis my Duty,
To seek Revenge on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. Fair Creature, he that kill'd thy Husband,
Did it to — help thee to a better Husband.

L. Anne. His Better does not breathe upon the Earth.

Rich. He lives, that lov'd thee better than he cou'd.

L. Anne. Name him.

Rich. *Plantagenet.*

L. Anne. Why that was he?

Rich. The self-same Name, but one of softer Nature.

L. Anne. Where is he?

Rich. Ay! take more Pity in thy Eyes, and see him —
here.

L. Anne. Wou'd they were Basilisks to strike thee dead.

Rich. I wou'd they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living Death;
Darting with cruel Aim Despair and Love;
I never su'd to Friend or Enemy;
My Tongue cou'd never learn sweet smoothing Words;
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud Heart sues, and prompts my Tongue to speak.

L. Anne. Is there a Tongue on Earth can speak for
thee?

Why dost thou court my Hate!

Tress. Where will this end? She frowns upon him yet.

Stan. But yet she hears him in her Frowns — I fear him.

Rich. O teach not thy soft Lip such cold Contempt—
If

If thy relentless Heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true Breast,
And let the honest Soul out, that adores thee;
I lay it naked to the deadly Stroke,
And humbly beg that Death upon my Knee.

L. Anne. What shall I say or do! Direct me, Heav'n;
When Stones weep, sure the Tears are natural,
And Heaven it self instructs us to forgive,
When they do flow from a sincere Repentance.

Rich. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy wondrous Beauty did provoke me;
Or, now dispatch --- 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heav'nly Face that set me on;
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My Temper) to rejoice at what I've done;
But that thy powerful Eyes (as roaring Seas
Obey the Changes of the Moon) have turn'd
My Heart, and made it flow with Penitence.

Take up the Sword again, or take up me.

[She drops the Sword.]

L. Anne. No, tho' I wish thy Death,
I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

L. Anne. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy Rage:

Say it agen, and ev'n with thy Word
This guilty Hand that robb'd thee of thy Love,
Shall for thy Love revenge thee on thy Lover.
To both their Deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Tress. By Heav'n she wants the Heart to bid him do't.

Stan. What think you now, Sir?

Tress. I'm struck! I scarce can credit what I see.

Stan. Why you see——a Woman.

Tress. When future Chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought Romance, not History.

Rich. What, not a Word to pardon or condemn me?
But thou art wise——and can'st with Silence kill me;
Yet ev'n in Death my fleeting Soul pursues thee;
Dash not the Tears of Penitence away;

I ask

I ask but leave to indulge my cold Despair :
 By Heav'n there's Joy in this Extravagance
 Of Woe — 'tis melting, soft, 'tis pleasing Ruin.
 Oh ! 'tis too much, too much for Life to bear
 This aching Tenderness of Thought. [thy Crimes !

L. Anne. Wou'd'st thou not blame me to forgive

Rich. They are not to be forgiven ; no, not even
 Penitence can atone 'em — O Misery
 Of Thought ! that strikes me with at once Repentance
 And Despair — tho' unpardon'd, yield me Pity.

L. Anne. Wou'd I knew thy Heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.

L. Anne. I fear me both are false.

Rich. Then never Man was true.

L. Anne. Put up thy Sword.

Rich. Say then, my Peace is made.

L. Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope ?

L. Anne. All Men, I hope, live so.

Rich. I swear, bright Saint, I am not what I was.
 Those Eyes have turn'd my stubborn Heart to Woman ;
 Thy Goodness makes me soft in Penitence,
 And my harsh Thoughts are turn'd to Peace and Love.
 Oh ! if thy poor devoted Servant might
 But beg one Favour at thy gracious Hand,
 Thou wou'd'st confirm his Happiness for ever.

L. Anne. What is it ?

Rich. That it may please thee, leave these sad Designs
 To him that has most Cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repair to *Crosby-House* ;
 Where after I have solemnly interr'd
 At *Chertsey-Monast'ry* this injur'd King,
 And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
 I will with all expedient Duty see you :
 For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you
 Grant me this Favour.

L. Anne. I do, my Lord — and much it joys me too
 To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Berkley go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

L. Anne

L. Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve.
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. [Exit.

Guard. Towards Chertsey, my Lord?

Rich. No, to *White-Friers*, there attend my coming.

[*Ex. Guards with the Body.*

Was ever Woman in this Humour woo'd?
Was ever Woman in this Humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her Husband and her Father,
To take her in her Heart's extremest Hate,
With Curses in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding Witness of my Hatred by,
Having Heav'n, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,
And I no Friends to back my Suit withal,
But the plain Devil, and dissembling Looks!
And yet to win her! all the World to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous Eyes on me,
Whose All not equals *Edward's* Moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus!
My Dukedom to a Widow's Chastity,
I do mistake my Person all this while:
Upon my Life! she finds, altho' I cannot,
My self to be a marvellous proper Man.
I'll have my Chambers lin'd with Looking-Glass;
And entertain a Score or two of Taylors,
To study Fashions to adorn my Body:
Since I am crept in favour with my self,
I will maintain it with some little Cost;
But first, I'll turn *St. Harry* to his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.

*Shine out, fair Sun, till I salute my Glass,
That I may see my Shadow as I pass.*

[Exit.

SCENE, the Presence.

Enter Buckingham, hastily meeting Lord Stanley.

Buck. Did you see the Duke?

Stan. What Duke, my Lord?

B

Buck.

Buck. His Grace of *Gloſter*, did you ſee him?

Stan. Not lately, my Lord — I hope no ill News.

Buck. The worſt that Heart e'er bore, or Tongue can utter,

Edward, the King, his Royal Brother's dead!

Stan. 'Tis ſad indeed — I wiſh by your Impatience, To acquaint him, tho' you think it ſo to him: [*Aſide.* Did the King, my Lord, make any mention Of a Protector for his Crown and Children?

Buck. He did — Duke *Richard* has the care of both.

Stan. That ſad News you are afraid to tell him too.

Buck. He'll ſpare no Toil I'm ſure to fill his Place. [*Aſide.*

Stan. Pray Heav'n he's not too diligent, [*Aſide.* My Lord — Is not that the Duchefs of *York*,

The King's Mother? coming, I fear, to viſit him.

Buck. 'Tis ſhe — little thinking what has befallen us.

Enter Duchefs of York.

Duch. York. Good Day, my Lords, how takes the King his Reſt?

Buck. Alas! Madam, too well — he ſleeps for ever.

Duch. York. Dead! Good Heav'n ſupport me!

Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy Lot to hear His laſt departing Groans, and cloſe his Eyes. [*Heav'n*

Duch. York. Another taken from me too! why, juſt Am I ſtill left the laſt in Life and Woe?

Fiſt I bemoan'd a noble Husband's Death,

Yet liv'd with looking on his Images:

But now my laſt Support is gone — fiſt *Clarence*,

Now *Edward* is for ever taken from me:

Both Crutches now the unrelenting Hand

Of Death has ſtricken from my feeble Arms,

And I muſt now of force ſink down with Sorrow.

Buck. Your youngſt Son, the Noble *Richard* lives;

His Love, I know, will feel his Mother's Cares,

And bring new Comfort to your latter Days. [*none,*

Duch. York. 'Twere new indeed! for yet of him I've Unleſs a churliſh Diſobedience may

Be counted from a Child a Mother's Comfort.

From

From his malicious Grudge I know my Son,
His Brother *Clarence*' Death was first contriv'd;
But may his Penitence find Heaven's Mercy.
Where is the Queen, my Lord?

Buck. I left her with her Kinsmen, deep in Sorrow,
Who have with much ado perswaded her
To leave the Body — Madam, they are here.

Enter Queen, Rivers, and Dorset.

Queen. Why do you thus oppose my Grief? Unless;
To make me Rave, and Weep the faster? Ha!
My Mother too in Tears! fresh Sorrow strikes
My Heart, at Sight of every Friend, that lov'd
My *Edward* living — O Mother, he's dead!
Edward my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead!
O! that my Eyes cou'd weep away my Soul,
Then I might follow worthy of his Hearse.

Stan. Your Duty, Madam, of a Wife is dead.
And now the Mother's only claims your Care.
Think on the Prince your Son, — send for him straight,
And let his Coronation clear your Eyes.
Bury your Griefs in the dead *Edward*'s Grave,
Revive your Joys on living *Edward*'s Throne.

Queen. Alas! that Thought but adds to my Afflictions
New Tears for *Edward* gone, and Fears for *Edward*
living;

An helpless Child, and his Minority
Is in the Trust of his stern Uncle *Glo'ster*;
A Man that frowns on me, and all of mine.

Buck. Judge not so hardly, Madam, of his Love,
Your Son will find in him a Father's Care.

Enter Richard behind.

Rich. Why, ay! these Tears look well—Sorrow's the
Mode,
And every one at Court must wear it now:
With all my Heart; I'll not be out of Fashion. [*Aside.*

Queen. My Lord, just Heaven knows, I never hated
Richard;

But wou'd on any Terms embrace his Friendship.

Buck. These Words wou'd make him weep — I know him yours :

See where he comes in Sorrow for our Loss.

Rich. My Lords, Good-morrow, -- Cousin of *Buckingham*,
I am yours. [Weeps.]

Buck. Good-morning to your Grace.

Rich. Methinks

We meet like Men, that had forgot to speak.

Buck. We may remember — but our Argument
Is now too mournful to admit much Talk.

Rich. It is indeed ! Peace be with him has made it so.
Sister, take Comfort — 'tis true, we've all cause
To mourn the dimming of our shining Star ;
But Sorrow never cou'd revive the Dead ;
And, if it cou'd, Hope wou'd prevent our Tears ;
So we must weep, because we weep in vain.
Madam, my Mother — I do cry you mercy,
My Grief was blind — I did not see your Grace,
Most humbly on my Knee I crave your Blessing.

Duch. York. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart and Tongue love one another ; may Heav'n
Endow thy Breast with Meekness and Obedience.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old Man :
That's the old But-end of a Mother's Blessing ;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out. [Aside.]

Buck. My Lords, I think 'twere fit, that now Prince
Edward

Fortnwith from *Ludlow* shou'd be sent for home,
In order to his Coronation.

Rich. By all means, my Lords — Come, let's in to
Council,

And appoint who shall be the Messengers :
Madam, and you my Sister, please you go
To give your Sentiments on this Occasion.

Queen. My Lord, your Wisdom needs no help from me,
My glad Consent you have in all that's Just ;
Or for the Peoples Good, tho' I suffer by't.

Rich. Please you to retire, Madam, we shall propose
What you'd not think the Peoples Wrong, nor yours.

Queen.

Queen. May Heaven prosper all your good Intent.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Buck. and Richard.*]

Rich. Amen, with all my Heart, -- for mine's the Crown;
And is not that a good one -- ha! pray'd she not well, Cousin?

Buck. I hope she prophesy'd -- you now stand fair.

Rich. Now, by *St. Paul*, I feel it here -- methinks
The massy weight on't galls my laden Brow:
What think'st thou, Cousin, wer't not an easy Matter
To get Lord *Stanley's* Hand to help it on.

Buck. My Lord, I doubt that, for his Father's sake;
He loves the Prince too well; he'll scarce be won
To any thing against him.

Rich. Poverty, the Reward of honest Fools,
O'ertake him for't -- what think'st thou then of *Hastings*?

Buck. He shall be try'd, my Lord -- I'll find out *Catesby*,
Who shall at subtle distance sound his Thoughts:
But we must still suppose the worst may happen;
What if we find him cold in our Design?

Rich. Chop off his Head -- something we'll soon
determine;

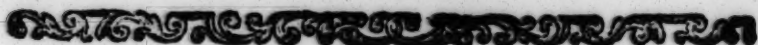
But haste, and find out *Catesby*,
That done, follow me to the Council-Chamber;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private -- therefore
Away, good Cousin.

Buck. I am gone, my Lord.

Rich. Thus far we run before the Wind;
My Fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask.
The conquer'd Lady *Anne* is bound in Vows,
Fast as the Priest can make us, we are one.
The King my Brother sleeps without his Pillow,
And I am left the Guardian of his Infant-Heir.
Let me see --

The Prince will soon be here -- let him! the Crown!
O Yes! he shall have twenty Globes and Sceptres too.
New ones made to play withal -- but no Coronation --
No, nor no Court-Flies about him -- no Kinsmen,
Hold ye -- where shall he keep his Court?
Ay, -- the Tower.

[*Exit.*]



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Prince Edward, Richard, Buckingham, Lord Stanley, Tressel, and Attendants.

Rich. **N**OW, my Royal Cousin, welcome to *London*;
Welcome to all those honour'd Dignities
Which by your Father's Will, and by your Birth,
You stand the undoubted Heir possess'd of:
And, if my plain Simplicity of Heart,
May take the Liberty to shew it self,
You're farther welcome to your Uncle's Care
And Love — why do you sigh, my Lord?
The weary Way has made you melancholy.

P. Edward. No, Uncle, but our Crosses on the Way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more Uncles here to welcome me!

Tress. More Uncles! what means his Highness?

Stan. Why, Sir, the careful Duke of *Glo'ster* has
Secur'd his Kinsmen on the Way — Lord *Rivers*, *Grey*,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, and others of his Friends,
Are Prisoners now in *Pomfret* Castle;
On what Pretence it boots not — there they are,
Let the Devil and the Duke alone to accuse 'em.

Rich. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

L. May. Vouchsafe, most gracious Sovereign, to
accept

The general Homage of your Loyal City:
We farther beg your Royal Leave to speak
In deep Condolement of your Father's Loss;

And,

And, far as our true Sorrow will permit,
To gratulate your Accession to the Throne.

P. Edw. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you
all.

Alas my Youth is yet unfit to govern.
Therefore the Sword of Justice is in abler Hands :
But be assur'd of this, so much already
I perceive I love you, that tho' I know not yet
To do you Offices of Good ; yet this I know,
I'll sooner die, than basely do you Wrong.

Rich. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.
[Aside.]

P. Edw. My Lords,
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Wou'd long ere this have met us on the Way ;
Say, Uncle Glo'ster, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation ?

Rich. Where it shall seem best to your Royal self ;
May I advise you, Sir, some Day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower ;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best Health and Recreation.

P. Edw. Why at the Tower ? But be it as you please.

Buck. My Lord — your Brother's Grace of York.

Enter Duke and Duchess of York.

P. Edward. Richard of York ! how fares our dearest
Brother ? [Embracing.]

D. York. O my dear Lord ! So I must call you now.

P. Edw. Ay, Brother, to our Grief, as it is yours.
Too soon he dy'd, who might have better worn
That Title, which in me will lose its Majesty.

Rich. How fares our Cousin, noble Lord of York ?

D. York. Thank you kindly, dear Uncle — O my
Lord,

You said that idle Weeds were fast in growth,
The King my Brother has out-grown me far.

Rich. He has, my Lord.

D. York. And therefore is he idle ?

Rich. O pretty Cousin, I must not say so.

D. York. Nay, Uncle, I don't believe the Saying's true,
For if it were, you'd be an idle Weed.

Rich. How so, Cousin?

[so fast,

D. York. Because I have heard Folks say you grew
Your Teeth wou'd gnaw a Crust at two Hours old:
Now 'twas two Years ere I cou'd get a Tooth.

Rich. Indeed! I find the Brat is taught this Lesson—
Who told thee this, my pretty merry Cousin?

D. York. Why, your Nurse, Uncle.

Rich. My Nurse, Child! she was dead 'fore thou
wer't born.

D. York. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me?

Rich. So subtle too—'tis pity thou art short-liv'd.

P. Edw. My Brother, Uncle, will be cross in Talk.

Rich. O, fear not, my Lord, we shall never quarrel.

P. Edw. I hope your Grace knows how to bear with him.

D. York. You mean to bear me—not to bear with me—
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little like an Ape,
He thinks that you shou'd bear me on your Shoulders.

P. Edw. Fy, Brother, I have no such Meaning.

Stan. With what a sharp, provided Wit he reasons,
To mitigate the Scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

Tress. So cunning and so young is wonderful!

Rich. My Lord, will't please you pass along?
My self, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet and bid you welcome at the *Tower*.

D. York. What! will you go to the *Tower*, my
dear Lord?

P. Edw. My Lord Protector will have it so.

D. York. I shan't sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

Rich. I'll warrant you—King *Henry* lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet.

[*Aside.*

P. Edw. What shou'd you fear, Brother?

D. York. My Uncle *Clarence*' Ghost, my Lord;
My Grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

P. Edw. I fear no Uncles dead.

Rich.

Rich. Nor any, Sir, that live, I hope.

P. Edw. I hope so too ——— but come, my Lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.

[*Exe. all but Richard and Buckingham.*]

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not instructed by his subtle Mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Rich. No doubt, no doubt ; O 'tisa shrewd young Master ;
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward and capable !

He is all the Mother's from the Top to the Toe :
But let them rest ——— now what says *Catesby* ?

Buck. My Lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter Catesby.

Rich. So *Catesby*—hast thou been tampering ? What
News ?

Cat. My Lord, according to the Instruction given me,
With Words at distance dropt, I sounded *Hastings*,
Piercing how far he did affect your Purpose ;
To which indeed I found him cold, unwilling :
The Sum is this — he seem'd a while to understand me
not.

At length, from plainer speaking urg'd to answer,
He said in Heat, rather than wrong the Head
To whom the Crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Rich. Indeed ! his own then answer for that Saying :
He shall be taken care of ——— mean while, *Catesby*,
Be thou near me ——— Cousin of *Buckingham*
Let's lose no Time ——— the Mayor and Citizens
Are now busy meeting in *Guild-Hall* ;
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
And at your meetest 'Vantage of the Time,
Improve those Hints I gave you late to speak of :
But above all, infer the Bastardy
Of *Edward's* Children ;

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person ;
Tell 'em, when my Mother went with Child of me,
My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,
And by true Computation of the Time,

Found, that the Issue was not his begot,
Which in h's Lineaments too plain appear'd;
Being nothing like the noble *York* my Father;
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator
As if my self might wear the Golden Fee
For which I plead.

Rich. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here,
Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
With the most learned Fathers of the Church.

Buck. I fly, my Lord, to serve you.

Rich. To serve thy self, my Cousin;
For look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all those Moveables
Whereof the King my Brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I shall remember that your Grace was bountiful.

Rich. Cousin, I have said it.

Buck. I am gone, my Lord. [Exit.

Rich. So, I've secur'd my Cousin here. These Moveables

Will never let his Brains have rest till I am King.

Catesby, go thou with Speed to Doctor *Shaw*, and
thence,

To Frier *Beuker* — haste, and bid 'em both
Attend me here, within an Hour at farthest;
Mean while my private Orders shall be given,

[Ex. Cat.

To lock up all Admittance to the Princes.

Now, by St. *Paul*, the Work goes bravely on.

How many frightful Stops wou'd Conscience make
In some soft Heads, to undertake like me.

Come, this Conscience is a convenient Scare-crow;
It guards the Fruit which Priests and wise Men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves;

'They know 'tis Rags, and gather in the Face on't;
While half-starv'd shallow Daws, thro' Fear are honest.
Why were Laws made, but that we're Rogues by Nature?
Conscience! 'tis our Coin, we live by parting with it;
And he thrives best, that has the most to spare.

The

The protesting Lover buys Hope with it,
And the deluded Virgin, short-liv'd Pleasure :
Old grey Beards cram their Avarice with it ;
Your Lank-jaw'd hungry Judge will dine upon't,
And hang the Guiltless, rather than eat his Mutton
cold :

The Crown'd Head quits it for despotick Sway,
The stubborn People for unaw'd Rebellion.
There's not a Slave but has his share of Villain :
Why then shall After-Ages think my Deeds
Inhuman ! since my work are but Ambition.

*Ev'n all Mankind to some lov'd Ills incline :
Great Men chuse greater Sins, Ambition's mine.*

[Exit.

Enter Lady Anne.

L. Anne. When, when shall I have Rest ! Was
Marriage made
To be the Scourge of our Offences here ?
Oh ! no — 'twas meant a Blessing to the virtuous ;
It once was so to me, tho' now my Curse.
The Fruit of *Edward's* Love was sweet and pleasing ;
But oh ! untimely cropt by cruel *Richard* ;
Who rudely having grafted on his Stock,
Now makes my Life yield only Sorrow.
Let me have Musick to compose my Thoughts.

[Soft Musick.

It will not be — naught, but the Grave can close my
Eyes.

How many labouring Wretches take their Rest,
While I, Night after Night, with Cares lie waking :
As if the gentle Nurse of Nature, Sleep,
Had vow'd to rock my peevish Sense no more.
O partial Sleep ! can't thou in smoaky Cottages
Stretch out the Peasant's Limbs on Beds of Straw,
And lay him fast, cramm'd with distressful Bread !
Yet in the softest Breeze of peaceful Night,
Under the Canopies of costly State,

Tho'

'Tho' lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody,
 Refuse one Moment's Slumber to a Princess?
 O Mockery of Greatness! But see,
 He comes, the rude Disturber of my Pillow.

Enter Richard.

[Signs

Rich. Ha! still in Tears! let them flow on; they're
 Of a substantial Grief—why don't she die?
 She must, my Interest will not let her live.
 The fair *Elizabeth* hath caught my Eye;
 My Heart's vacant, and she shall fill her Place.
 They say, that Women have but tender Hearts:
 'Tis a mistake I doubt—I've found 'em tough:
 They'll bend indeed—but he must strain that cracks 'em.
 All I can hope's to throw her into Sickness,
 That I may send her a Physician's help.
 So, Madam, what, you still take care, I see,
 To let the World believe I love you not.
 This outward Mourning now has Malice in't,
 So have these fullen disobedient Tears:
 I'll have you tell the World I doat on you.

L. Anne. I wish I cou'd—but 'twill not be believ'd,
 Have I deserv'd this Usage?

Rich. You have—you do not please me, as at first.

L. Anne. What have I done? What horrid Crime
 committed?

Rich. To me the worst of Crimes; out-liv'd my Liking.

L. Anne. If that be criminal, just Heav'n be kind,
 And take me while my Penitence is warm;
 O Sir, forgive, and kill me.

Rich. Umh! no—the meddling World will call it
 Murder,

And I wou'd have 'em think me pitiful:
 Now wer't thou not afraid of Self-destruction,
 'Thou hast a fair Excuse for't.

L. Anne. How fain wou'd I be friends with Death,
 ——— O name it.

Rich. Thy Husband's Hate---nor do I hate thee only
 From the dull'd Edge of sated Appetite,
 But from the eager Love I bear another.

Some

Some call me Hypocrite---what think'st thou now? Do I dissemble? [seem'd.]

L. Anne. Thy Vows of Love to me were all dis-

Rich. Not one---for when I told thee so, I lov'd:

Thou art the only Soul I never yet deceiv'd;

And 'tis my Honesty that tells thee now,

With all my Heart I hate thee.

If this have no Effect, she is immortal. [Aside.]

L. Anne. Forgive me, Heaven, that I forgave this

O may my Story, told in After-Ages, [Man.]

Give Warning to our easy Sex's Ears;

May it unveil the Hearts of Men, and strike

Them deaf to their dissimulated Love.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord, his Grace of *Buckingham* attends Your Highness' Pleasure.

Rich. Wait on him---I'll expect him here. [Ex. *Cat.* Your Absence, Madam, will be necessary.

L. Anne. Wou'd my Death were so--- [Exit.]

Rich. It may be shortly.

Enter Buckingham.

So, my Cousin, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now, by our Hopes, my Lord, they are senseless Stones:

Their hesitating Fear has struck 'em dumb. [dren?]

Rich. Touch'd you the Bastardy of *Edward's* Chil-

Buck. I did, with his Contract to Lady *Lucy*;

Nay, his own Bastardy, and Tyranny for Trifles,

Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,

Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace;

Your Bounty, Justice, fair Humility;

Indeed left nothing that might gild our Cause

Untouch'd, or slightly handled in my Talk:

And when my Oration drew towards an End,

I urg'd of them, that lov'd their Country's Good,

To do you Right, and cry, *Long live King Richard.*

Rich. And did they so? [fix'd,

Buck. Not one, by Heaven---but each like Statues Speechless

Speechless and pale, star'd in his Fellow's Face ;
 Which, when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the *Mayor* what meant this wilful Silence ?
 His Answer was, the People were not us'd
 To be spoken to but by the *Recorder* ;
 Who then took on him to repeat my Words,
 Thus saith the *Duke*, thus hath the *Duke* inferr'd ;
 But nothing urg'd in Warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some Followers of my own,
 At the lower End of th' Hall hurl'd up their Caps,
 And some ten Voices cry'd, *God save King Richard* :
 At which I took the 'Vantage of those few,
 And cry'd, Thanks, gentle Citizens, and Friends,
 This general Applause, and cheerful Shout,
 Argues your Wisdom, and your Love to *Richard*,
 And ev'n here broke off, and came away.

Rich. O Tongueless Blocks ! wou'd they not speak ?
 Will not the *Mayor* then, and his Brethren come ?

Buck. The *Mayor* is here at hand---feign you some
 And be not spoke with, but by mighty Suit. [Fear,
 A Prayer-Book in your Hand, my Lord, were well,
 Standing between two Churchmen of Repute ;
 For on that Ground I'll make an holy Descant ;
 Yet be not easily won to our Requests ;
 Seem, like the Virgin, fearful of your Wishes.

Rich. My other self ! --- my Counsel's Consistory !
 My Oracle ! my Prophet ! my dear Cousin !

I, as a Child, will go by thy Direction. [Lord ;

Buck. Hark ! the Lord *Mayor's* at hand --- away, my
 Nor doubt, but yet we reach our Point propos'd.

Rich. We cannot fail, my Lord, while you are Pilot :
 A little Flattery sometimes does well. [Exit.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Buck. Welcome, my Lord, I dance Attendance here,
 I'm afraid the *Duke* will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Now, *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my Request ?

Cat. My Lord, he humbly does intreat your Grace

To

To visit him to-morrow, or next Day :
He's now retir'd with two Right Reverend Fathers
Divinely bent to Meditation ;
And in no worldly Suits wou'd he be mov'd
To interrupt his holy Exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke ;
Tell him, my self, the *Mayor*, and *Citizens*,
In deep Designs, in Matters of great Momeht,
No less importing than our general Good,
Are come to have some Conference with his Grace.

Cat. My Lord, I'll instantly inform his Highness.

Buck. Ah, my good Lord ! this Prince is not an
He is not lolling on a lewd Love-Bed, [Edward ;
But on his Knees at Meditation ;
Not dallying with a Brace of Courtezans ;
But with two deep Divines in Secret Praying :
Happy were *England*, wou'd this virtuous Prince
Take on himself the Toil of Sovereignty.

L. May. Happy indeed, my Lord.

He will not, sure, refuse our profer'd Love. [Mind's

Buck. Alas, my Lord ! you know him not, his
Above this World — he's for a Crown immortal.

Look there, his Door opens : now where's our Hope ?

L. May. See where his Grace stands, 'tween two
Clergymen.

Buck. Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught — there's his
Ambition.

L. May. How low he bows to thank 'em for their
And see ! a Prayer-Book in his Hand ! [Care ;

Buck. Wou'd he were King, we'd give him Leave to
pray :

Methinks I wish it for the Love he bears the City.

How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard

The Mayor shou'd lose his Title with his Office.

Well, who knows ? He may be won.

L. May. Ah, my Lord !

Buck. See, he comes forth — my Friends, be resolute ;
I know he's cautious to a Fault, but do not
Leave him till our honest Suit be granted.

Enter

*The Tragical History of**Enter Richard with a Book.*

Rich. Cousin of *Buckingham*,
 I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in my zealous Meditation,
 So long deferr'd the Service of my Friends;
 Now do I fear I've done some strange Offence,
 That looks disgracious in the City's Eye. If so,
 'Tis just you shou'd reprove my Ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord; we wish your Grace,
 On our Entreaties, wou'd amend your Fault.

Buck. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land?

Buck. Know then, it is your Fault, that you resign
 The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors;
 Fair *England's* Throne, your own due Right of Birth,
 To the Corruption of a blemish'd Stock,
 While in the Mildness of your sleeping Thoughts,
 (Which here we waken to our Country's Good)
 This wounded Isle does want her proper Limbs,
 Which to recure, join'd with these loyal Men,
 Your very worshipful, and loving Friends;
 And by their zealous Instigation,
 In this just Cause, I come to move your Highness,
 That on your gracious self you'd take the Charge,
 And Kingly Government of this your Land,
 Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
 Or lowly Factor for another's Gain;
 But as successively from Blood to Blood,
 Your own by Right of Birth, and Lineal Glory.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in Silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your Reproof,
 Fits best with my Degree, or your Condition;
 Therefore to speak in just Refusal of your Suit,
 And then in Speaking not to check my Friends;
 Definitively thus I answer you:
 Your Love deserves my Thanks; but my Desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your fond Request;
 For, Heav'n be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 The Royal Stock has left us Royal Fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing Hours of Time,

Will

Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign.
On him I lay what you wou'd lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happier Stars;
Which Heav'n forbid my Thoughts shou'd rob him of.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace;
But Circumstances well consider'd,

The weak Respects thereof are nice and trivial.

You say that *Edward* was your Brother's Son,

So say we too, but not by *Edward's* Wife;

If solemn Contracts are of any Force,

That Title Justice gave to Lady *Lucy*:

Ev'n of his Birth cou'd I severely speak,

Save that for Reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing Limit to my Tongue. [Grace

L. May. Upon our Knees, my Lord, we beg your

To wear this precious Robe of Dignity,

Which on a Child must fit too loose and heavy;

'Tis yours, besitting both your Wisdom, and your Birth.

Car. My Lord, this Coldness is unkind,

Nor suits it with such ardent Loyalty.

Buck. O make 'em happy! Grant their lawful Suit.

Rich. Alas, why wou'd you heap this Care on me!

I am unfit for State and Majesty.

I thank you for your Loves, but must declare

(I do beseech you take it not amiss)

I will not! dare not! must not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse us, thro' a soft Remorse,

Loth to depose the Child, your Brother's Son,

(As well we know your Tenderness of Heart.)

Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last,

Your Brother's Son shall never reign our King,

But we will plant some other in the Throne,

To the Disgrace and Downfal of your House:

And thus resolv'd, I bid you, Sir, farewell;

My Lord, and Gentlemen, I crave your Pardon

For this vain Trouble—my Intent was Good,

I would have serv'd my Country, and my King,

But 'twill not be—Farewel, when next we meet.

L. May. Be not too rash, my Lord, his Grace relents.

Buck.

Buck. Away, you but deceive your selves. [Exit,
Cat Sweet Prince, accept their Suit.

L. May. If you deny us, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Call him again—you will enforce me to
 A world of Cares—I am not made of Stone,
 But penetrable to your kind Entreaties;
 Tho' Heav'n knows, against my own inclining.

Enter Buckingham.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave Men,
 Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,
 To bear her Burthen, whether I will or no,
 I must have Patience to endure the Load;
 But if black Scandal, her foul-fac'd Reproach
 Attend the Sequel of your Imposition,
 Your meer Enforcement shall acquittance me;
 For Heav'n knows, as you may all partly see,
 How far I am from the Desire of this. [will say it.

L. May. Heav'n guard your Grace; we see it, and

Rich. You will but say the Truth, my Lord.

Buck. My Heart's so full, it scarce has Vent for Words.
 My Knee will better speak my Duty now;
 Long live our Sovereign, *Richard*, King of *England*.

Rich. Indeed, your Words have touch'd me nearly,
 Cousin;

Pray rise—I wish you cou'd recal 'em.

Buck. It wou'd be Treason now, my Lord; to-morrow,
 If it so please your Majesty, from Council
 Orders shall be given for your Coronation.

Rich. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To Morrow then we will attend your Majesty,
 And now we take our Leaves with Joy.

Rich. Cousin, adieu—my loving Friends, farewell.
 I must to my holy Work agen.

[*Ex. omnes præter Richard.*

Why, now my Golden Dream is out——
 Ambition, like an early Friend, throws back
 My Curtains with an eager Hand, o'erjoy'd
 To tell me what I dreamt is true—A Crown:
 Thou bright Reward of ever-daring Minds;

Oh!

Oh ! how thy awful Glory fills my Soul !
Nor can the Means that got thee, dim thy Lustre :
For, not Mens Love, Fear pays thee Adoration,
And Fame not more survives from Good than Evil Deeds.
Th' acquiring Youth, that fir'd th' *Ephesian* Dome,
Outlives, in Fame, the pious Fool that rais'd it.

*Conscience lie still, more Lives must yet be drain'd ;
Crowns got with Blood, must be with Blood maintain'd.*
[Exit.



ACT IV.

SCENE the Tower.

*Enter Queen, P. Edward, D. York, Duch. York,
and Lady Anne in Tears.*

P. *Edw.* **P**RAY, Madam, do not leave me yet, [you.
For I have many more Complaints to tell
Queen. And I unable to redress the least.

What woud'st thou say, my Child ?

P. *Edw.* O, Mother, since I first have lain i' th' *Tower*,
My Rest has still been broke with frightful Dreams,
Or shocking News has wak'd me into Tears :
I'm scarce allow'd a Friend to visit me ;
All my old honest Servants are turn'd off,
And in their Rooms are strange ill-natur'd Fellows,
Who look so bold, as they were all my Masters ;
And I'm afraid, they'll shortly take you from me.

Duch. York. O mournful hearing !

L. Anne. O ! unhappy Prince !

D. York. Dear Brother, why do you weep so ?
You make me cry too !

Queen. Alas, poor Innocence !

P. *Edw.* Wou'd I but knew, at what my uncle aims ;
If

If 'twere my Crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me 'joy my Life in quiet.

D. York. Why, will my Uncle kill us, Brother?

P. Edw. I hope he won't—we never injur'd him.

Queen. I cannot bear to see 'em thus. [*Weeping.*]

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Madam, I hope your Majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell, unwelcome News!

Queen. Ah me! more Sorrow yet! my Lord, we've long
Despair'd of happy Tidings; pray what is't?

Stan. On *Tuesday* last, your noble Kinsmen, *Rivers*,
Crey, and *Sir Thomas Vaughan*, at *Pomfret*,
Were executed on a publick Scaffold.

Duch. York. O dismal Tidings!

P. Edw. O poor Uncles! I doubt my Turn is next.

L. Anne. Nor mine, I fear, far off.

Queen. Why then, let's welcome Blood and Massacre,
Yield all our Throats to the fierce Tyger's Rage,
And die lamenting one another's Wrongs;
O! I foresaw this Ruin of our House. [*Weeps.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cat. Madam, the King
Has sent me to inform your Majesty,
That you prepare (as is advis'd from Council)
To-morrow for your Royal Coronation.

Queen. What do I hear! Support me, Heaven.

L. Anne. Despiteful Tidings! Oh unpleasing News!
Alas, I heard of this before, but could not
For my Soul take Heart to tell you of it.

Cat. The King does farther wish your Majesty
Wou'd less employ your Visits at the *Tower*;
He gives me leave t' attend you to the Court,
And is impatient, Madam, till he sees you.

L. Anne. Farewel to all; and thou poor injur'd Queen,
Forgive the unfriendly Duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt Partner in our Sorrow.

Cat. Madam.

L. Anne.

L. Anne. I come.

Queen. Farewel, thou woful Welcomer of Glory.

Cat. Shall I attend your Majesty?

L. Anne. Attend me! whither, to be crown'd?
Let me with deadly Venom be anointed,
And die ere Men can say, Long live the Queen.

Queen. Poor grieving Heart! I pity thy Complaining.

L. Anne. No more than with my Soul I mourn for
yours;

A long farewell to all.

[Exit with Catesby.

Stan. Take Comfort, Madam.

Queen. Alas! where is it to be found?

Death and Destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'ertake us.

Stan. In Britanny,

My Son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond still
Resides, who with a jealous Eye observes
The lawless Actions of aspiring Richard;
To him, wou'd I advise you, Madam, fly
Forthwith for Aid, Protection, and Redress.
He will, I'm sure, with open Arms receive you.

Duch. York. Delay not, Madam,
For 'tis the only Hope that Heaven has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please—for any Change
Must surely better our Condition.

Stan. I farther wou'd advise you, Madam, this Instant
To remove the Princes to some
Remote Abode, where you your self are Mistress.

P. Edw. Dear Madam, take me hence, for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a Moment's quiet here.

D. York. Nor I; pray, Mother, let me go too.

Queen. Come then, my pretty young Ones, let's
away,

For here you lie within the Falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded Hour to seize you.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I beg your Majesty will pardon me;
But the young Princes must, on no Account,
Have Egrefs from the Tower.

Nor

Nor must, (without the King's especial Licence,)
Of what Degree soever, any Person
Have admittance to 'em—all must retire. ['em?

Queen. I am their Mother, Sir, who else commands
If I pass freely, they shall follow me.

For you—I'll take the peril of your Fault upon my self.

Lieu. My Inclination, Madam, wou'd oblige you;
But I am bound by Oath, and must obey;
Nor, Madam, can I now with Safety answer
For this continued Visit.

Please you, my Lord, to read these Orders.

Queen. O heav'nly Pow'rs! shall I not stay with 'em?

Lieu. Such are the King's Commands, Madam.

Queen. My Lord!

Stan. 'Tis too true—and it were vain t' oppose 'em.

Queen. Support me, Heav'n!

For Life can never bear the Pangs of such a parting.

O my poor Children! O distracting thought!

I dare not bid 'em (as I should) farewell;

And then to part in Silence, stabs my Soul!

P. Edw. What, must you leave us, Mother?

Queen. What shall I say?

[*Aside.*

But for a time, my Loves—we shall meet agen,
At least in Heav'n.

D. York. Won't you take me with you, Mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted -- then let these Kisses say farewell.

Why! O why! just Heav'n, must these be our last!

Duch. York. Give not your Grief such way—be
sudden when you part.

Queen. I will—since it must be—to Heav'n I leave 'em.
Hear me, you guardian Powers of Innocence!
Awake or sleeping—O protect 'em still;
Still may their helpless Youth attract Mens Pity,
That when the Arm of Cruelty is rais'd,
Their Looks may drop the lifted Dagger down
From the stern Murderer's relenting Hand,
And throw him on his Knees in Penitence.

Both.

Both Princes O Mother! Mother!

Queen. O my poor Children! [Exit severally.]

SCENE the Presence.

Discovering Richard seated, Buckingham, Catesby,
Ratcliff, Lovel, &c.

Rich. Stand all apart—Cousin of *Buckingham*.

Buck. My gracious Sovereign.

Rich. Give me thy Hand;

At length by thy Advice, and thy Assistance,

Is Richard seated on the *English* Throne.

But say, my Cousin, what

Shall we wear these Glories for a Day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in 'em? [you.]

Buck. I hope for Ages, Sir,—long may they grace

Rich. O *Buckingham*! now do I play the Touchstone,
To try if thou be current Friend indeed.

Young *Edward* lives, so does his Brother *York*.

Now think what I wou'd speak.

Buck. Say on, my gracious Lord.

Rich. I tell thee, Cuz, I've lately had two Spiders
Crawling upon my startled Hopes—now tho'

Thy friendly Hand has brush'd 'em from me,

Yet still they crawl offensive to my Eyes;

I wou'd have some Friend to tread upon 'em.

I wou'd be King, my Cousin,

Buck. Why so I think you are, my Royal Lord.

Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so—but—*Edward* lives.

Buck. Most true, my Lord.

Rich. Cousin, thou wer't not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain—I wish the Bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd,

Now, Cousin, can'st thou answer me?

Buck. None dare dispute your Highness' Pleasure.

Rich. Indeed! methinks thy Kindness freezes, Cousin,
Thou dost refuse me then!—they shall not die.

Buck. My Lord, since 'tis an Action cannot be

Recall'd,

Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think,
I'll instantly resolve your Highness.

[Exit.

Cat. The King seems angry, see he gnaws his Lip.

Rich. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted Fools,
None are for me, that look into my Deeds
With thinking Eyes——

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect;
The best on't is, it may be done without him,
Tho' not so well perhaps——had he consented,
Why, then the Murther had been his, not mine.
We'll make a shift as 'tis——Come hither, *Catesby*;
Where's that same *Tirrel* whom thou told'st me of?
Hast thou given him those Sums of Gold I order'd?

Cat. I have, my Liege.

Rich. Where is he?

Cat. He waits your Highness' Pleasure.

Rich. Give him this Ring, and say my self
Will bring him farther Orders instantly. [Exit *Cat.*
The deep revolving Duke of *Buckingham*
No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels:
Has he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for Breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the News?

Stan. I hear, my Liege, the Lord Marquis of *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, now in *Britanny*.

Rich. Why, let him go, my Lord, he may be spar'd.
Hark thee, *Ratcliff*, when saw'st thou *Anne* my Queen?
Is she still weak? Has my Physician seen her?

Rat. He has, my Lord, and fears her mightily.

Rich. But he's excelling Skilful, she'll mend shortly.

Rat. I hope she will, my Lord.

Rich. And if she does, I have mistook my Man,
I must be marry'd to my Brother's Daughter,
At whom I know the *Briton Richmond* aims;
And by that Knot, looks proudly on the Crown.
But then to stain me with her Brother's Blood;
Is that the Way to wooe the Sister's Love?
No matter what's the way——for while they live

My

My goodly Kingdom's on a weak Foundation.
'Tis done, my daring Heart's resolv'd—they're dead?

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my Mind,
The late Request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest—*Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I have heard the News, my Lord. [him.]

Rich. *Stanley*, he's your near Kinsman—well, look to

Buck. My Lord, I claim that Gift, my due by Promise,
For which your Honour, and your Faith's engag'd;
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and those moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

Rich. *Stanley*, look to your Wife, if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just Request?

Rich. I do remember me, *Harry* the Sixth
Did prophesy, that *Richmond* shou'd be King,
When *Richmond* was a peevish Boy.

'Tis odd—a King perhaps.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord, I have obey'd your Highness Orders.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my Suit.

Rich. Lead *Tirrel* to my Closet, I'll meet him.

Buck. I beg your Highness Ear, my Lord?

Rich. I'm busy—thou troublest me—I'm not i'th
Vein. [Exit.]

Buck. O Patience, Heav'n! is't thus he pays my Service?
Was it for this I rais'd him to the Throne?

Oh! if the peaceful Dead have any Sense
Of those vile Injuries they bore, while living;
Then sure the joyful Souls of Blood-suck'd *Edward*,
Henry, *Clarence*, *Hastings*, and all that thro'
His foul corrupted Dealings have miscarry'd,
Will from the Walls of Heav'n in Smiles look down
To see this Tyrant tumbling from his Throne,
His Fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own.

[Exit.]

C

SCENE

SCENE *the Tower.**Enter Tirrel, Dighton, and Forest.**Tir.* Come, Gentlemen.

Have you concluded on the Means?

Forest. Smothering will make no Noise, Sir.*Tir.* Let it be done i' th' dark——for shou'd you see
Their young Faces, who knows how far their Looks
Of Innocence may tempt you into Pity?*Forest.* 'Tis Ease, and living well, makes Innocence.
I hate a Face less guilty than my own;
Were all that now seem Honest, deep as we
In Trouble, and in Want, they'd all be Rogues.*Tir.* Stand back—*Lieutenant*, have you brought the
Keys?*Enter Lieutenant.**Lieu.* I have 'em, Sir.[*Gives a Ring.*]*Tir.* Then here's your Warrant to deliver 'em.*Lieu.* Your Servant, Sir.What can this mean! Why at this dead of Night
To give 'em too! 'Tis not for me t'enquire.[*Exit.*]*Tir.* There, Gentlemen; [Exeunt severally.]
That way——you have no farther need of me.*Enter Richard.**Rich.* Won'd it were done:

There is a busie Something here,

That foolish Custom has made terrible,

To the intent of evil Deeds;

And Nature too, as if she knew

Me Womanish, and Weak, tugs at

My Heart-strings with complaining Cries,

To talk me from my Purpose——

And then the thought of what

Mens Tongues will say, of what their Hearts must think

To have no Creature love me living, nor

My Memory when dead.

Shall

Shall future Ages, when these Childrens Tale
Is told, drop Tears in pity of their hapless Fate,
And read with Detestation the Misdeeds of *Richard*,
The crook-back'd Tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
And bloody — will they not say too,
That to possess the Crown, nor Laws Divine
Nor Human stopt my way — why let 'em say it;
They can't but say I had the Crown;
I was not Fool as well as Villain.
Hark! the Murder's doing; Princes farewell,
To me there's Musick in your Passing-Bell. [Exit.

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. 'Tis done; the barbarous bloody Act is done.
Ha! the King — his coming hither at this
Late Hour, speaks him impatient for the News.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Now, my *Tirrel*, how are the Brats dispos'd?
Say am I happy? Hast thou dealt upon 'em?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in Charge
Beget your Happiness, then, Sir, be happy,
For it is done.

Rich. But did'st thou see 'em dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

Rich. And bury'd, my good *Tirrel*?

Tir. In that I thought to ask your Grace's Pleasure.

Rich. I have it — I'll have 'em sure — get me a Coffin
Full of Holes, let 'em be both cramm'd into it,
And hark thee, in the Night-tide throw 'em down
The *Thames* — once in, they'll find the way to the Bottom;
Mean time, but think how I may do thee Good,
And be Inheritor of thy Desire.

Tir. I humbly thank your Highness.

Rich. About it straight, good *Tirrel*.

Tir. Conclude it done, my Lord. [Exit.

Rich. Why then my loudest Fears are hush'd;
The Sons of *Edward* have eternal Rest,
And *Anne*, my Wife, has bid this World Good-night;
While

While fair *Elizabeth*, my beauteous Neice,
Like a New-Morn, lights onward to my Wishes.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord.

[bluntly?]

Rich. Good News, or bad, that thou com'st in so

Cat. Bad News, my Lord, *Moreton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the Field, and still his Power increases.

Rich. *Morton* with *Richmond*, touches me more near
Than *Buckingham*, and his rash levy'd Numbers.
But come, Dangers retreat, when boldly they're confronted,
And dull Delays lead Impotence and Fear;
Then fiery Expedition raise my Arm
And fatal may it fall on crush'd Rebellion.

Let's muster Men, my Council is my Shield,
We must be brief when Traitors brave the Field. [Exit.]

Enter Queen, and Dukes of York.

Queen. O my poor Children—O my tender Babes!
My unblown Flowers, pluck'd by untimely Hands;
If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,
And be not fix'd in Doom perpetual;
Hover about me with your airy Wings,
And hear your Mother's Lamentation.

[done?]

Why slept their Guardian Angels, when this Deed was
Duch. York. So many Miseries have drain'd my Eyes,
That my Woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute;
Why shou'd Calamity be full of Words? [remove,

Queen. Let's give 'em Scope, for tho' they can't
Yet do they ease Affliction.

Duch. York. Why then, let us be loud in Exclamations
To *Richard*, haste, and pierce him with our Cries;
That from henceforth his Conscience may out-tongue
The close Whispers of his relentless Heart.
Hark! his Trumpet sounds——this Way he must pass.

[Trumpet sounds a March.]

Queen. Alas! I've not the daring to confront him.

Duch.

King RICHARD the Third. 53

Duch. York. I have a Mother's Right, I'll force him hear me.

Enter Richard and Catesby, with Forces.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Duch. York. Dost thou not know me? Art thou not my Son?

Rich. I cry you, Mercy, Madam, Is it you?

Duch. York. Art thou my Son?

Rich. I, I thank Heav'n, my Father, and your self.

Duch. York. Then I command thee hear me.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your Condition, That cannot brook the Accent of Reproof.

Duch. York. Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my Words.

Rich. And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste.

Duch. York. Why, I have said for thee (just Heav'n
In Torment and Agony. [knows])

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. York. No, on my Soul, too well thou know'st it,
A grievous Burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and Wayward was thy Infancy,
Thy Prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn,
Thy Age confirm'd, most subtle, proud, and bloody.

Rich. If I am so disgracions in your Eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam;
Strike up the Drum.

Duch. York. Yet stay, I charge thee hear me.

Queen. If not, hear me—for I have Wrongs will speak
Without a Tongue—methinks the very Sight
Of me shou'd turn thee into Stone;
Where are my Children, Richard?

Duch. York. Where is thy Brother Clarence?

Queen. Where Hastings?

Duch. York. Rivers?

Queen. Vaughan.

Duch. York. Grey?

Rich. A Flourish, Trumpets, strike Alarum, Drums,
Let not the Heavens hear these Tell-tale Women
Rail on the Heaven's Anointed—Strike, I say:

[Alarum of Drums and Trumpets.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous Report of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.

Duch. York. Then hear me, Heav'n, and Heav'n at his
latest Hour

Be deaf to him, as he is now to me.
Ere from this War he turn a Conqueror,
Ye Powers, cut off his dangerous Thread of Life,
Left his black Sins rise higher in Account,
Than Hell has Pains to punish.
Mischance and Sorrow wait thee to the Field,
Heart's Discontent, languid, and lean Despair,
With all the Hells of Guilt pursue thy Steps for ever.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more Cause, yet much less Power to
curse,

Abides in me—I say *Amen* to her.

Rich. Stay, Madam, I wou'd beg some Words with you.

Queen. What can'st thou ask, that I have now to grant?
Is't another Son? *Richard*, I have none.

Rich. You have a beauteous Daughter, call'd *Elizabeth*.

Queen. Must she die too?

Rich. For whose fair Sake I'll bring more Good to you,
Than ever you or yours from me had Harm.

So in the *Lethe* of thy angry Soul
Thou'lt drown the sad Remembrance of those Wrongs
Which thou supposest me the cruel Cause of.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the Process of thy Kindness
Last longer telling than thy Kindness Date.

Rich. Know then, that from my Soul I love the fair
Elizabeth, and will, with your Permission,
Seat her on the Throne of *England*.

Queen. Alas! vain Man, how can'st thou wooe her?

Rich. That wou'd I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her Humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then wooe her thus,
Send to her, by the Man that kill'd her Brothers,
A Pair of bleeding Hearts—thereon engrave
Edward and *York*—then haply will she weep.
On this present her with an Handkerchief,

Stain'd

Stain'd in their Blood, to wipe her woful Eyes:
 If this Inducement move her not to Love,
 Read o'er the History of thy noble Deeds;
 Tell her, thy Policy took off her Uncle
Clarence, Rivers, Grey, nay, and for her Sake
 Made quick Conveyance with her dear Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the Way
 To win your Daughter.

Queen. There is no other Way,
 Unless thou could'st put on some other Form,
 And not be *Richard*, that has done all this.

Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
 Of hostile Arms; my self, my self confound,
 Heav'n and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
 Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Rest;
 Be opposite all Planets of good Luck,
 To my Proceeding, if with dear Heart's Love,
 Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,
 I tender not the fair *Elizabeth*:
 In her consists thy Happiness and mine;
 Without her, follows to my self and thee,
 Her self, the Land, and many a Christian Soul,
 Death, Desolation, Ruin, and Decay:
 It cannot, will not be avoided, but by this.

Queen. What shall I say? Still to affront his Love,
 I fear will but incense him to Revenge;
 And to consent, I shou'd abhor my self:
 Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus
 By sending *Richmond* Word of his Intent,
 Shall gain some Time to let my Child escape him.
 It shall be so.

I have consider'd, Sir, of your important Wishes,
 And cou'd I but believe you real——

Rich. Now by the sacred Hosts of Saints above.

Queen. O do not swear, my Lord, I ask no Oath,
 Unless my Daughter doubt you more than I.

Rich. O my kind Mother, (I must call you so)
 Be thou to her my Love's soft Orator,

Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
 Not my Deserts, but what I will deserve.
 And when this warlike Arm shall have chafis'd
 The audacious *Rebel*, hot-brain'd *Buckingham*;
 Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
 And lead thy Daughter to a *Conqueror's* Bed.

Queen. My Lord, farewell—in some few Days expect,
 To hear how fair a Progress I have made:
 Till when be happy as you're penitent.

Rich. My Heart goes with you to my Love, farewell,
 [Exit Queen.
 Relenting, shallow-thoughted Woman.

Enter Ratcliff.

How now! the News!

Rat. Most gracious Sovereign, on the *Western* Coasts
 Rides a most powerful Navy, and our Fears
 Inform us *Richmond* is their Admiral.

There do they hull, expecting but the Aid,
 Of *Buckingham* to welcome them ashore. [Exit.

Rich. We must prevent him then—Come hither,

Cat. My Lord, your Pleasure! [Catesby.

Rich. Post to the Duke of *Norfolk* instantly,
 Bid him straight levy all the Strength and Power
 That he can make, and meet me suddenly
 At *Salisbury*—Commend me to his Grace—away.

[Exit Cat.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Well, my Lord, what News have you gather'd?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas, my Lord.

Rich. There let him sink—and be the Seas on him,
 White-liver'd Renegade—what does he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by Guess.

Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
 He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

Rich. Traytor! the Crown—where is thy Power then
 To beat him back?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?

The

The Foe upon our Coast, and thou no Friends to meet 'em?
Or hast thou marched them to the *Western Shore*,
To give the Rebels Conduct from their Ships?

Stan. My Lord, my Friends are ready all i'th' *North*.

Rich. The *North*! why what do they do i'th' *North*,
When they shou'd serve their Sovereign in the *West*?

Stan. They yet have had no Orders, Sir, to move;
If 'tis your Royal Pleasure they shou'd march,
I'll lead 'em on with utmost haste to join you:
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

Rich. What, thou would'st be gone to join with
Richmond?

Stan. Sir, you've no cause to doubt my Loyalty,
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be false.

Rich. Away then to thy Friends, and lead 'em on
To meet me—hold, come back---I will not trust thee.
I've thought a way to make thee sure---your Son,
George Stanley, Sir, I'll have him left behind,
And look your Heart be firm,
Or else his Head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. As I prove true, my Lord, so deal with him.
[Exit.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord, the Army of Great *Buckingham*,
By sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No Man knows whither.

Rich. Has any careful Officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Rat. Such Proclamation has been made, my Lord.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken.

Rich. Off with his Head—so much for *Buckingham*.

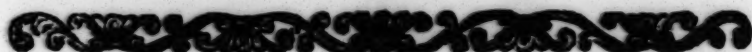
Cat. My Lord, I am sorry I must tell more News.

Rich. Out with it.

Cat. The Earl of *Richmond*, with a mighty Power,
Is landed, Sir, at *Milford*;

And to confirm the News, Lord Marquis *Dorset*,
And Sir *Thomas Lowewel*, are up in *Yorkshire*.

Rich. Why ay, this looks Rebellion---Ho! my Horse!
By Heav'n the News alarms my stirring Soul;
And as the Wretch, whose Fever-weaken'd Joints,
Like strengthless Hinges buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
From his fond Keeper's Arms, and starts away:
Ev'n so these War-worn-Limbs grown weak,
From War's disuse, being now enrag'd with War,
Feel a new Fury, and are thrice themselves.
Come forth, my honest Sword, which here I vow,
By my Soul's Hope, shall ne'er agen be sheath'd;
Ne'er shall these watching Eyes have needful Rest,
Till Death has clos'd 'em in a glorious Grave,
Or Fortune giv'n me measure of Revenge. [Exit.]



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others.

Richm. **T**HUS far into the Bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without Impediment.

Richard, the bloody and devouring Boar,
Whose ravenous Appetite has spoil'd your Fields,
Laid this rich Country waste, and rudely cropt
Its ripen'd Hopes of fair Posterity,
Is now even in the Centre of the Isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the Town of *Leicester*;
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one Day's March:
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of fair Comfort, and Encouragement,
Such as will help and animate our Cause,
On which let's cheerly on, courageous Friends,

To

To reap the Harvest of a lasting Peace,
Or Fame more lasting from a well-fought War.

Oxf. Your Words have Fire, my Lord, and warm our Men,

Who look'd, methought, but cold before---dishearten'd
With the unequal Numbers of the Foe.

Richm. Why, double 'em still, our Cause wou'd conquer 'em.

Thrice is he arm'd that has his Quarrel just,
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted :
The very Weight of *Richard's* Guilt shall crush him.

Blunt. His best of Friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.

Oxf. He has no Friends, but what are such thro' Fear.

Richm. And we no Foes, but what are such to Heav'n.
Then doubt not, Heav'n's for us---let's on, my Friends.

*True Hope ne'er tires, but mounts with Eagle's Wings ;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Bosworth-Field.

Enter Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Surrey, &c.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, e'en in *Bosworth-Field* :
My good Lord of *Norfolk*, the cheerful Speed
Of your Supply has merited my Thanks.

Norf. I am rewarded, Sir, in having Power
To serve your Majesty.

Rich. You have our Thanks, my Lord, up with my Tent,
Here will I lie to-night---but where to-morrow ? Well
No Matter where---has any careful Friend
Discover'd yet the Number of the Rebels ?

Norf. My Lord, as I from certain Spies am well
Inform'd, Six or Seven Thousand is their
Utmost Power.

Rich. Why, our Battalions treble that Account ;
Beside, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

Norf.

The Tragical History of

Nor. Their Wants are greater yet, my Lord---those
e'en

Of Motion, Life, and Spirit---did you but know
How wretchedly their Men disgrace the Field;
O such a tatter'd Host of mounted Scare-crows!
So poor, so famish'd; their Executors,
The greedy Crows, fly hovering o'er their Heads,
Impatient for their lean Inheritance.

Rich. Now, by *St. Paul*, we'll send 'em Dinners and
Apparel;

Nay, give their fasting Horses Provender,
And after fight 'em---how long must we stay,
My Lords, before these desperate Fools will give
Us Time to lay 'em with their Faces upwards?

Nor. Unless their Famine saves our Swords that
Labour,

To-morrow's Sun will light 'em to their Ruin;
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us Battle.

Rich. The sooner still the better---Come, my Lords,
Now let's survey the Vantage of the Ground.
Call me some Men of sound Direction.

Nor. My gracious Lord---

Rich. What say'st thou, *Norfolk*?

Nor. Might I advise your Majesty, you yet
Shall save the Blood that may be shed to-morrow.

Rich. How so, my Lord?

Nor. The poor Condition of the Rebels tells me;
That on a Pardon offer'd to the Lives
Of those who instantly shall quit their Arms,
Young *Richmond*, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friend-
less.

Rich. Why that indeed was our Sixth *Harry's* Way,
Which made his Reign one Scene of rude Commotion.
I'll be in Mens Despite a Monarch; no,
Let Kings that fear, forgive---Blows and Revenge for
me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Sir William Brandon, &c.

Richm. The weary Sun has made a golden Set,
And by yon ruddy Brightness of the Clouds,
Gives Token of a goodly Day to Morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard.
Here have I drawn the Model of our Battle,
Which parts in just Proportion our small Power:
Hear may each Leader know his several Charge.
My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir Walter Herbert*,
And *Sir William Brandon*, stay with me;
The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his Regiment.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. Sir, a Gentleman that calls himself *Stanley*,
Desires Admittance to the Earl of *Richmond*.

Richm. Now by our Hopes, my noble Father-in-law;
Admit him — my good Friends, your Leave a while.

Enter Lord Stanley.

My honour'd Father! on my Soul,
The Joy of seeing you this Night, is more
Than my most knowing Hopes presag'd — what
News?

Stan. I by Commission bless thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* Good:
The Queen too, has with Tears of Joy consented
Thou should'st espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter,
At whom the Tyrant *Richard* closely aims.
In brief (for now the shortest Moment of
My Stay is bought with Hazard of my Life)
Prepare thy Battle early in the Morning,
(For so the Season of Affairs requires)
And this be sure of, I, upon the first

Occasion

Occasion offer'd, will deceive some Eyes,
 And aid thee in this doubtful Shock of Arms,
 In which I had more forward been ere this,
 But that the Life of thy young Brother *George*
 (Whom for my Pawn of Faith stern *Richard* keeps)
 Wou'd then be forfeit to his wild Revenge.
 Farewel, the rude Enforcement of the Time
 Denies me to revive those Vows of Love,
 Which so long sunder'd Friends shou'd dwell upon.

Richm. We may meet agen, my Lord —

Star. Till then, once more farewell---be resolute, and
 conquer. [Exit,

Richm. Give him safe Conduct to his Regiment.
 Well, Sirs, to-morrow proves a busie Day ;
 But come, the Night's far spent---let's into Council ;
 Captain, an Hour before the Sun gets up
 Let me be wak'd---I will in Person walk
 From Tent to Tent, and early cheer the Soldiers.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, *Bosworth-Field.*

Enter Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Rich. *Catesby.*

Cat. Here, my Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
 To *Stanley's* Regiment ; bid him 'fore Sun-rise
 Meet me with his Power, or young *George's* Head
 Shall pay the Forfeit of his cold Delay ;
 What, is my Beaver easier than it was,
 And all my Armour laid into my Tent ?

Cat. It is, my Liege ; all is in Readiness.

Rich. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy Charge ;
 Use careful Watch ---chuse trusty Centinels.

Norf. Doubt no, my Lord.

Rich. Be stirring with the Lark, good *Norfolk*.

Norf.

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Norf. I shall, my Lord —

[*Exit.*

Rich. Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to Morrow.
Is Ink and Paper ready?

Cat. It is, my Lord.

Rich. An Hour after Midnight, come to my Tent,
And help to arm me—a good Night, my Friends.

[*Exit.*

Cat. Methinks the King has not that pleas'd Alacrity,
Nor Cheer of Mind that he was wont to have.

Rat. The meer effect of Business;
You'll find him, Sir, another Man I'th' Field,
When you shall see him with his Beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing Steed, with whom
He smiling, seems to have some wanton Talk,
Clapping his pamper'd Sides to hold him still;
Then with a Motion swift, and Light as Air,
Like fiery *Mars*, he vaults him to the Saddle;
Looks Terror to the Foe, and Courage to his Soldiers.

Cat. Good-night to *Richmond* then; for, as I hear
His Numbers are so few, and those so sick,
And famish'd in their March, if he dares fight us, —
He jumps into the Sea to cool his Fever;
But come, 'tis late — Now let's to our Tents,
We've few Hours good before the Trumpet wakes us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard from his Tent.

Rich. 'Tis now the Dead of Night, and half the
World
Is with a lonely solemn Darkness hung;
Yet I (so coy a Dame is Sleep to me)
With all the weary Courtship of
My Care-tir'd Thoughts can't win her to my Bed;
Tho' ev'n the Stars do wink, as 'twere, with over-
watching;
I'll forth, and walk a while — the Air's refreshing,

And

And the ripe Harvests of the new-mown Hay,
 Gives it a sweet and wholsom Odour :
 How awful is this Gloom—and hark, from Camp to
 Camp

The Hum of either Army stilly sounds ;
 That the fixt Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of each other's Watch :
 Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neighings
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear——Hark, from the Tents,
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With Clink of Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation ; while some
 Like Sacrifices, by their Fires of Watch,
 With Patience sit, and inly ruminate
 The Morning's Danger—by yon Heav'n, my stern
 Impatience chides this tardy-gated Night,
 Who, like a foul, and ugly Witch, does limp
 So tediously away——I'll to my Couch,
 And once more try to sleep her into Morning.

[*Lies down ; a Groan is heard.*

Ha ? what means that dismal Voice ? Sure 'tis
 The Eccho of some yawning Grave,
 That teems with an untimely Ghost——'tis gone !
 'Twas but my Fancy, or perhaps the Wind,
 Forcing his Entrance thro' some hollow Cavern.
 No matter what---I feel my Eyes grow heavy. [*Sleeps.*

*King Henry's Ghost, Lady Anne's Ghost, and the Ghosts
 of the young Princes rise.*

Hen. O thou ! whose unrelenting Thoughts, not all
 The hideous Terrors of thy Guilt can shake,
 Whose Conscience, with thy Body, ever sleeps,
 Sleep on ; while I, by Heav'n's high Ordinance,
 In Dreams of Horror wake thy frightful Soul :
 Now give thy Thoughts to me ; let 'em behold
 These gaping Wounds, which thy Death-dealing Hand
 Within the Tower gave my anointed Body ;

Now

Now shall thy cwn devouring Conscience gnaw
Thy Heart, and terribly revenge my Murder.

Prin. Richard, dream on, and see the wandring Spirits
Of thy young Nephews, murder'd in the *Tower* :
Cou'd not our Youth, our Innocence perswade
Thy cruel Heart to spare our harmless Lives ?
Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd Years of Happiness.
No foul, save thine, but pities our Misusage ;
O, 'twas a cruel Deed ! therefore alone
Unpitying, unpity'd shalt thou fall.

L. Anne. Think on the Wrongs of wretched *Anne*,
thy Wife,

Ev'n in the Battle's Heat remember me ;
And edgeless fall thy Sword —— despair and die.

Hen. The Morning's Dawn has summon'd me away ;
Now, *Richard*, wake in all the Hells of Guilt ;
And let that wild Despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled Thoughts, alarm the World.
Awake, *Richard*, awake, to guilty Minds
A terrible Example. [*All Ghosts sink.*]

Rich. Give me a Horse——bind up my Wounds !
Have Mercy, Heav'n ! ha ! Soft ! 'twas but a Dream ;
But then so terrible, it shakes my Soul :
Cold Drops of Sweat hang on my trembling Flesh ;
My Blood grows chilly, and I freeze with Horror.
O Tyrant Conscience ! how do'st thou afflict me ?
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating :
I cannot bear the Thought, nor dare repeat :
I am but Man, and Fate, do thou dispose me.
Who's there ?

Enter Catesby.

Cat. 'Tis I, my Lord——the Village Cock
Has thrice done Salutation to the Morn ;
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

Rich. O *Catesby* ? I have had such horrid Dreams.

Cat.

Cat. Shadows, my Lord---below the Soldier's heeding.

Rich. Now by my this Day's Hopes---Shadows to Night

Have struck more Terror to the Soul of *Richard*,
Than can the Substance of ten Thousand Soldiers
Arm'd all in Proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

Cat. Be more your self, my Lord: Consider, Sir,
Were it but known a Dream had frightened you,
How would your animated Foes presume on't?

Rich. Perish that Thought---no never be it said
That Fate it self cou'd awe the Soul of *Richard*.

*Hence babbling Dreams, you threaten here in vain;
Conscience awant, Richard's himself again:
Hark! the shrill Trumpet sounds, to Horse, away,
My Soul's in Arms, and eager for the Fray.*

[Exit.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Soldiers, &c.

Richm. Halt.

Sold. Halt-----halt!

Richm. How far is it unto the Morning, Friends?

Oxf. Near Four, my Lord.

Richm. 'Tis well---I am glad to' find we are such
early Stirrers.

Oxf. Methinks the Foes less forward than we thought
'em:

Worn, as we are, we brave the Field before 'em.

Richm. Come, there looks Life in such a cheerful
Haste;

If Dreams shou'd animate a Soul resolv'd,
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to Night;
Methought that all the Ghosts of them, whose Bodies
Richard murder'd came Mourning to my Tent,
And rous'd me to revenge 'em.

Oxf. A good Omen, Sir---hark, the Trumpet of
The Enemy: It speaks them on the March.

Richm.

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Richm. Why then let's on, my Friends, to face 'em ;
In Peace there's nothing so becomes a Man
As mild Behaviour and Humility :
But when the Blast of War blows in our Ears,
Let us be Tygers in our fierce Deportment ;
For me, the Ransom of my bold Attempt
Shall be this Body on the Earth's cold Face ;
But if we thrive, the Glory of the Action
The meanest here shall share his part of :
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords,
Sound Drums, and Trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
The Word's Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.
[Exit.]

Enter Richard, Catesby, &c.

Rich. Who saw the Sun to Day ?

Cat. He has not yet broke forth, my Lord.

Rich. Then he disdains to shine—for by the Clock
He shou'd have brav'd the East an Hour ago :
Not shine to Day ! why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same Heav'n
That frowns on me, looks lowring upon him.

Enter Norfolk with a Paper.

Norf. Prepare, my Lord, the Foe is in the Field.

Rich. Come, bustle, bustle, Caparison my Horse,
Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his Power ;
My self will lead the Soldiers to the Plain.

[Exit Cat.]

Well, *Norfolk*, what think'st thou now ?

Norf. That we shall conquer—but on my Tent
This Morning early was this Paper found.

Rich. [Reads.]

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy Master is bought and sold.

A weak

A weak Invention of the Enemy :
 Come, Gentlemen, now each Man to his Charge,
 And ere we do bestride our foaming Steeds,
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 A Scum of *Britons*, Rascals, Runaways,
 Whom their o'er-cloy'd Country vomits forth
 To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction :
 If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
 And not these Bastard *Britons*, whom our Fathers
 Have, in their own Land beaten, spurn'd, and trod on,
 And left 'em on Record the Heirs of Shame :
 Are these Men fit to be the Heirs of *England* ?

Enter Catesby.

What says Lord *Stanley*—— will he bring his Power ?

Cat. He does refuse, my Lord——he will not, Sir.

Rich. Off with his Son *George's* Head.

Norf. My Lord, the Foe's already past the Marsh——
 After the Battle, let young *Stanley* die.

Rich. Why, after be it then.

A Thousand Hearts are swelling in my Bosom ;
 Draw Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head,
 Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in Blood,
 And thou, our Warlike Champion, thrice renown'd,
 O *George*, inspire me with the Rage of Lions :
 Upon 'em —— Charge —— follow me. [*Exeunt.*

*Several Encursions, Soldiers drive across the Stage by
 Richard.*

Re-enter Richard.

[calls ;

Rich. What ho ! young *Richmond* ho ! 'tis *Richard*
 I hate thee, *Harry*, for thy Blood of *Lancaster* ;
 Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my Sword,
 Now while the angry Trumpet sounds alarms,
 And dying Groans transpierce the wounded Air ;
Richmond, I say, come forth, and single face me ;
Richard is hoarse with daring thee to Arms. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Catesby, and Norfolk in Disorder.

Cat. Rescue! rescue! my Lord of *Norfolk* haste.
The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,
Daring an Opposite to ev'ry Danger:
His Horse is slain, and all on Foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the Throat of Death;
Nay, haste, my Lord ---- the Day's against us. [*Exit.*]

Enter Richard and Ratcliff.

Rich. A Horse! a Horse! my Kingdom for a Horse.

Rat. This Way, this Way, my Lord—— below yon Thicket

Stands a swift Horse—— away, Ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my Lord, for only Flight can save you.

Rich. Slave! I have set my Life upon a Cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Die:
I think there be Six *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him:
An Horse! an Horse! my Kingdom for an Horse.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Richard, and Richmond meeting.

Rich. Of one, or both of us the Time is come.

Richm. Kind Heav'n, I thank thee, for my Cause is thine;

If *Richard's* fit to live, let *Richmond* fall.

Rich. Thy gallant-bearing, *Harry*, I cou'd plaud,
But that the spotted Rebel stains the Soldier.

Richm. Nor shou'd thy Prowess, *Richard*, want my Praise,

But that thy cruel Deeds have stamp't thee Tyrant.
So thrive my Sword, as Heav'n's high Vengeance draws it:

Rich. My Soul and Body on the Action both.

Richm. A dreadful Lay—— here's to decide it.
[*Fight; Richard falls.*]

Rich.

Rich. Perdition catch thy Arm---the Chance is thine.
 But oh ! the vast Renown thou hast acquired !
 In conquering *Richard*, does afflict him more
 Than ev'n his Body's parting with its Soul.
 Now let the World no longer be a Stage
 To feed Contention in a lingering Act ;
 But let one Spirit of the first-born *Cain*
 Reign in all Bosoms ; that each Heart being set
 On bloody Actions, the rude Scene may end,
 And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead. [Dies.

Richm. Farewel, *Richard*, and from thy dreadful End
 May future Kings from Tyranny be warn'd :
 Had thy aspiring Soul but stirr'd in Virtue,
 With half the Spirit it has dar'd in Evil,
 How might thy Fame have grac'd our *English* Annals ?
 But as thou art, how fair a Page thou'st blotted ?
 Hark ! the glad Trumpets speak the Field our own.

*Enter Oxford, Lord Stanley, and Soldiers with
 Richard's Crown.*

O welcome, Friends ! my noble Father, welcome ;
 Heav'n and our Arms be prais'd, the Day is ours ;
 See there, my Lords, stern *Richard* is no more.

Stan. Victorious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquitted
 thee ;

And see, the just Reward that Heav'n has sent thee :
 Among the glorious Spoils of *Bosworth*-Field,
 We've found the Crown, which now in Right is thine :
 'Tis doubly thine, by Conquest, and by Choice,
 Long live *Henry* the Seventh, King of *England*.

Richm. Next to just Heav'n, my noble Countrymen,
 I owe my Thanks to you, whose Love I'm proud of,
 And ruling well shall speak my Gratitude.
 But now, my Lords---what Friends of us are missing ?
 Pray tell me, is young *George Stanley* living ?

Stan. He is, my Liege, and safe in *Leicester* Town,
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Enter

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. My Lord, the Queen and fair *Elizabeth*
Her beauteous Daughter, some few Miles off, are
On their Way to gratulate your Victory.

Richm. Ay, there indeed, my Toil's rewarded :
Let us prepare to meet 'em Lords — and then,
As we're already bound by solemn Vows,
We'll twine the Roses, red and white together,
And both from one kind Stalk shall flourish ;
England has long been mad, and scar'd her self ;
The Brother blindly shed the Brother's Blood ;
The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son :
The bloody Son compell'd, has kill'd his Sire.
O, now, let *Henry* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Successors of each Royal House,
Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly Wounds :
And be that Wretch of all Mankind abhorr'd,
That would reduce those bloody Days agen.

*Ne'er let him live to taste our Joys Increase,
That wou'd with Treason wound fair England's Peace.*

F I N I S.





